

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

HOME TOWN GOSSIP

VANDALS have been busy in the historic city of Winchester. The winged figure of Victory has been stolen from the famous statue of Queen Victoria, designed by the late Sir Alfred Gilbert, in the Great Hall of the Castle.

This is the second time that the figure, which was on the orb held in the Queen's left hand, has been wrenched away from the statue.

The first occasion was during the last war; it was found in a garden near the castle and restored to its proper place. Diligent inquiries by the police have failed to find it this time.

Nor is the world-famous Cathedral of Winchester regarded as sacrosanct by souvenir-hunters. Recently the amethyst-studded handle from the lid of the ewer at the font was stolen; two antique brass crowns in the Lady Chapel also disappeared.

A Tonic Picture for Tel. Syd Riley

"MIND the ladder and paint, please," said a voice from aloft. We glanced up—what was this we saw?—a soldier high up on a ladder and looking very tanned. He smiled down and exclaimed, "I'm painting the house!"

Yes, your home at 53, Belamy-road, Walton, Liverpool, 4, is having a birthday. Telegraphist Sydney Riley.

And after five years of promises the painter is on the job. Painter, did we say? Why, it was none other than brother Harold, home after three years' service in Italy and the Middle East, doing his bit to brighten up the homestead.

We stepped round the ladder and over the paint and were greeted by your sister Elsie. Mother was next on the scene, and two minutes later Lily and little Clifford rolled up, followed by Nellie, over for a couple of weeks' holiday from Swansea.

What a family gathering, and everybody wanted to send you a message at once, with Harold—still on the ladder—shouting his little bit through the open front door!

We think you would like to know, Sydney, that Elsie is being very brave over her sad news, and the family are doing their very best to brighten her up. They seem to be succeeding, for look at the picture of Elsie, and that's where she was all the time we were at your home.

A girl friend Audrey is a big hit with the family. Your dad sees her often and says "she's a good girl."

Harold made it his business to meet Audrey as she got home, and when she eventually tear himself from his painting, told us, "Audrey is just the type of girl—but I wouldn't want her out myself!"

Frankie has been home from their prisoners-of-war camp and are expected back. And your mother is a bit flustered when she gets back.

John, in the Air Force, is giving big trailers and he's quite happy,

LINK-UP.

AT Pwll Farm, Llangwm, near Usk, lives Mrs. Morgan, widow of John Morgan. She has three sons, George, Herbert and Ivor Gwynne.

Living at an adjoining Pentre farm is another Mrs. Morgan, widow of John Morgan. She has three daughters—Amy, Sarah Irene and Edith.

Now they are one happy brood. George has married Amy. Herbert followed by marrying Sarah, and to complete the job Ivor has married Edith.

RINGING THE CHANGES.

FOR sixty years Mr. J. W. Jones, of Barrack Hill, Newport, Mon., has been change ringing, and for 43 years has been secretary of the Llandaff and Monmouth Diocesan Bellringers. At 80 years old he has just retired. He rang the first peal of 5,040 changes at Caerleon in 1889.

as he manages to get home each evening. Bill, in Burma, writes regularly, and Fred and his family at home are fine. Jimmy is very proud of the skates you gave him, Sydney, and has them polished like silver.

The accordion is still in the corner just waiting for your home-coming, and from what we hear you must be quite a star performer.

All the family send you their love and best wishes. Harold wants to have a night out—to use his own words, "I'm getting dry!"—but Liverpool was wet and cold, Sydney, remember?

You've got a cheery family, Sydney—it did us good to meet them, and we feel sure this picture will do you good, too.



Sharp Wits Upset Justice and the Law

QUITE recently I received a letter from a Serviceman in India who had read some of my books; he was a lawyer in civil life, and he took exception to a sentence in which I wrote that "our courts of law were not necessarily courts of justice, and that the verdicts often went to the sharper wits of learned counsel."

My surprise at this objection to my statement was increased when I considered that the writer of the letter was a lawyer. I can go some way back in support of my view, nay, my conviction, on this matter—back to the days when Sir Edward Clarke practised, and often appeared in court, on behalf of Labouchere, Editor of "Truth," than whom there was no man in Fleet Street who had greater opportunity of knowing the law.

Labouchere was often enough being involved in actions, mainly for alleged libel. In one case Sir Edward Clarke advised a certain course, but Labouchere wouldn't agree. "Very well," said the eminent Q.C., "if my advice is wrong it is you who will go to prison, not I."

"That's all right," replied Labouchere, "but don't let this case start on Tuesday, for that's the day on which I write my libels."

Sir Edward Clarke managed to get Labouchere off on this occasion, and then he went down to the Surrey Sessions shortly afterwards to appear in a case that ought to be an answer to my letter-writer.

He was engaged to defend two people named Allbrook who were indicted for keeping a disorderly house.

The Calendar had them marked down as husband and wife, and they were so designated when the case opened.

Now, those were the days when the Criminal Evidence Act was not in force. No prisoner could give evidence in his own defence, nor could his wife be called to give evidence for him.

The Allbrooks had a house not very far from Charing Cross Road. Allbrook was an actor, then engaged at the Lyceum Theatre, and the evidence for the prosecution put forward by the police was pretty formidable.

Sir Edward Clarke, seeing the charges, knew that he was up against a difficult case.

★ STUART MARTIN asks a pertinent question—should lawyers fight only for justice and not legal triumphs? ★

It was much the usual type of evidence—police-watchers had kept steady observation of the premises, couples going in and coming out, lights appearing in upper rooms, money changing hands in the street, and so on.

The case looked black against the two accused. The Chairman of the Surrey Sessions was at that time Sir William Hardman, and he could be very severe in this type of case when the facts were proved.

Clarke had little chance of shaking the witnesses put up by the police. He asked a few questions, of course, but the witnesses were steady and firm under his cross-examinations.

And then Clarke sprang a surprise. He left the question of rebutting the evidence and raised a legal point.

"I submit," he said to the Bench, "that a woman who is acting under the control of her husband cannot be convicted of an offence which she has committed as a result of the coercion which the law presumes in such cases as this."

This was the legal position at the time, and was not altered for many years afterwards.

Sir William Hardman was constrained to agree that Clarke was right in his interpretation. As a result, the jury were directed to find a verdict of Not Guilty against her, and the woman was duly discharged.

But she was not out of the court before Sir Edward Clarke was up on his feet again addressing the jury.

During that short speech he announced that he intended to call the woman as a witness on behalf of the accused man Allbrook.

The Chairman smiled down at Clarke and shook his head.

"You can't do that, you know," he said. "It is laid down, as you must be aware, that a wife is not competent to give evidence on behalf of her

husband. No, you cannot do that, Mr. Clarke."

But Clarke (he was then Mr. Clarke, not Sir Edward) smiled back at the Chairman, stroking his chin meditatively.

"Oh, yes, I can," he retorted. "I am just going to prove that this woman is not the wife of Allbrook."

Talk about silence in court! The silence lasted just long enough for the statement to penetrate into the minds of those who heard it, and that wasn't long.

The Chairman of the Sessions looked as if he had been floored. The jury craned their necks, every eye on Clarke, the budding famous legal authority. The woman halted on her way out of the court. The accused man, Allbrook, grinned in the dock.

"You are going to prove that this woman is not married to



"Ever seen one of your most cherished 'opes about to materialise, Nobby?"

the prisoner?" asked the Chairman grimly.

"I am," replied Clarke, deferentially, bowing to the Bench.

"But you have just argued—and argued successfully—that a woman acting under the control of her husband..."

And there the Chairman stopped.

"May I please you," said Clarke, "I quoted the law, and quoted it correctly, sir. I took the particulars from the charge sheet, which says these two are husband and wife. I never assumed they were. The charge sheet says so. I am within my rights in now proving that the police assumption of the relationship of these two people is wrong. I claim the woman as a witness since she is not the prisoner's wife."

It was all so unexpected that the court was flabbergasted. Such a situation had not arisen in any previous case, and legally Clarke was right.

The woman was therefore called as a witness, and went into the box. Now, watch the development of the defence, if defence it could be called.

The woman swore—and this proved to be the fact—that she had never been married to Allbrook, although she had lived with him for some years. But she was not Mrs. Allbrook.

She went on with her evidence, in answer to Clarke's examination, Allbrook, she

said, being an actor at the Lyceum Theatre, was never home until late at night. If there was any offence it was she who had committed it, for, as Clarke insisted to the jury, Allbrook could not, if he was not present, have taken part in the acts with which the police charged him!

She was asked if she admitted that any alleged offence was hers and hers alone. She replied that this was so.

By the time the examination was completed the jury were in a whirl mentally. Here was a woman who had just been acquitted of a crime, legally acquitted, now testifying that she was the guilty party, and that her fellow-prisoner of an hour previously was not present when the crimes took place.

If her evidence was to be accepted there was only one outcome. Allbrook must be acquitted, too. And Allbrook was acquitted, for there was no evidence to prove that he was at home when the police were watching the house.

So the two of them, these two who had run their premises as the police suggested, marched out of the court free as air, and the law, which had been invoked to punish them, lay tangled up in a knot on the very floor of that confused and confusing arena of legal disputations.

I do not blame Clarke for taking advantage of his knowledge of the relationships; but my point is that, while his use of that knowledge may have been good law, it did not contribute towards justice. And I do know that Sir William Hardman, the Chairman of the Sessions, never quite forgave him for this "triumph."

There was another case at the beginning of Clarke's career worth noting. He prosecuted a boy, David Kennard, aged 18, charged with the theft of five shillings and sixpence. The defence was that the boy was in a pub at the time and had been drinking; but Clarke pressed the facts so ably that the boy was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. To-day that boy would probably have been sent, at the worst, for a short term in Borstal. Still, it was another legal "triumph" for Clarke.

I know that Clarke cannot be blamed for the sentence. The law was not applied by him, whose duty it was to merely get a conviction. But do not these two cases support the statement about "the law and justice"?

I will say this for Clarke, he was held to be a deeply religious man, a keen politician, and did many kindnesses to younger barristers. He built St. Peter's Church at Staines, and attended it every Sunday when he lived there. He died full of years and honours, over 90 years of age. He was reputed to have made over half a million in fees throughout his career.

But I still wonder what would be the result if lawyers engaged only in cases where they were convinced at the start that they were fighting for justice—and not legal triumphs!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

BLUNDELL'S

Would you do it? Would you chuck somebody into deep water to show a girl you were a hero because she was crazy on heroes? There's a plot within the plot and you'll laugh and laugh as you read

IMPROVEMENT

VENIA TURNBULL, in a quiet, unobtrusive fashion, was enjoying herself. The cool living-room at Turnbull's farm was a delightful contrast to the hot sunshine without, and the drowsy humming of bees floating in at the open window was charged with hints of slumber to the middle-aged. From her seat by the window she watched with amused interest the efforts of her father—kept from his Sunday afternoon nap by the assiduous attentions of her two admirers—to maintain his politeness.

"Father was so pleased to see you both come in," she said softly; "it's very dull for him here of an afternoon with only me."

"I can't imagine anybody being dull with only you," said Sergeant Dick Daly, turning a bold brown eye upon her.

Mr. John Blundell scowled; this was the third time the sergeant had said the thing that he would have liked to say if he had thought of it. "I don't mind being dull," remarked Mr. Turnbull, casually.

Neither gentleman made any comment.

"I like it," pursued Mr. Turnbull, longingly; "always did, from a child."

The two young men looked at each other; then they looked at Venia; the sergeant assumed an expression of careless ease, while John Blundell sat his chair like a human limpet. Mr. Turnbull almost groaned as he remembered his tenacity.

"The garden's looking very nice," he said, with a pathetic glance round.

"Beautiful," assented the sergeant. "I saw it yesterday."

"Some o' the roses on that big bush have opened a bit more since then," said the farmer.

Sergeant Daly expressed his gratification and said that he was not surprised. It was only ten days since he had arrived in the village on a visit to a relative, but in that short space of time he had, to the great discomfort of

Mr. Blundell, made himself wonderfully at home at Mr. Turnbull's.

To Venia he related strange adventures by sea and land, and on subjects of which he was sure the farmer knew nothing he was a perfect mine of information. He began to talk in low tones to Venia, and the heart of Mr. Blundell sank within him as he noted her interest. Their voices sank to

considerate daughter. "You might tell him we've gone for a little stroll when he wakes," she added, turning to Blundell.

Mr. Blundell, who had risen with the idea of acting the humble but, in his opinion, highly necessary part of chaperon, sat down again and watched blankly from the window until they were out of sight.

He was half inclined to

"That's where you make a mistake," said the other, regarding him severely; "girls like a masterful man, and instead of getting your own way, you sit down quietly and do as you're told, like a tame—tame—"

"Tame what?" inquired Mr. Blundell, resentfully.

"I don't know," said the other frankly; "the tamest thing you can think of. There's Daly laughing in his sleeve at you, and talking to Venia about Waterloo and the Crimea as though he'd been there. I thought it was pretty near settled between you."

"So did I," said Mr. Blundell.

"You're a big man, John," said the other, "but you're slow. You're all muscle and no head."

"I think of things afterwards," said Blundell, humbly, "generally after I get to bed."

Mr. Turnbull sniffed, and took a turn up and down the room; then he closed the door and came towards his friend again.

"I dare say you're surprised at me being so anxious to get rid of Venia," he said, slowly, "but the fact is, I'm thinking of marrying again myself."

"You!" said the startled Mr. Blundell.

"Yes, me," said the other, somewhat sharply. "But she won't marry so long as Venia is at home. It's a secret, be-

cause if Venia got to hear of it she'd keep single to prevent it. She's just that sort of girl."

Mr. Blundell coughed, but did not deny it. "Who is it?" he inquired.

"Miss Sippet," was the reply. "She couldn't hold her own for half an hour against Venia."

Mr. Blundell, a great stickler for accuracy, reduced the time to five minutes.

"And now," said the aggrieved Mr. Turnbull, "now, so far as I can see, she's struck with Daly. If she has him it'll be years and years before they can marry. She seems crazy about heroes. She was talking to me the other night about them. Not to put too fine a point on it, she was talking about you."

Mr. Blundell blushed with pleased surprise.

"Said you were not a hero," explained Mr. Turnbull. "Of course, I stuck up for you. I said you'd got too much sense to go putting your life into danger. I said you were a very careful man, and I told her how particular you was about damp sheets. Your housekeeper told me."

"It's all nonsense," said Blundell, with a fiery face. "I'll send that old fool packing if she can't keep her tongue quiet."

"It's very sensible of you, (Continued on Page 3)

By W. W. JACOBS

a gentle murmur, and the sergeant's sleek, well-brushed head bent closer to that of his listener. Relieved from his attentions, Mr. Turnbull fell asleep without more ado.

Blundell sat neglected, the unwilling witness of a flirtation he was powerless to prevent. Considering her limited opportunities, Miss Turnbull displayed a proficiency which astonished him. Even the sergeant was amazed, and suspected her of long practice.

"I wonder whether it is very hot outside?" she said at last, rising and looking out of the window.

"Only pleasantly warm," said the sergeant. "It would be nice down by the water."

"I'm afraid of disturbing father by our talk," said the

think that the exigencies of the case warranted him in arousing the farmer at once.

It was an hour later when the farmer awoke, to find himself alone with Mr. Blundell, a state of affairs for which he strove with some pertinacity to make that aggrieved gentleman responsible.

"Why didn't you go with them?" he demanded.

"Because I wasn't asked," replied the other.

Mr. Turnbull sat up in his chair and eyed him disdainfully. "For a great, big chap like you are, John Blundell," he exclaimed, "it's surprising what a little pluck you've got."

"I don't want to go where I'm not wanted," retorted Mr. Blundell.

QUIZ for today

1. A dyne is a coin in U.S.A., unit of force, sleeping-draught, banquet?
2. How many pipes are there in a tun of wine?
3. Which is heavier, alcohol or water?
4. What is the difference between a torus and a torso?

5. In what country is the ore a coin?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Coto-paxi, Yenisei, Ararat, Aconcagua, Kilimanjaro.

Answers to Quiz
in No. 675

1. Fabulous monster.
2. 62.3lb., or 1,000oz.
3. Tin.
4. Flemish.
5. Switzerland.
6. June has 30 days; others have 31.

IT MAKES YOU WONDER

WHEN you get a letter from home, or when you send one home, have you ever given a thought to the colossal amount of work involved? For all mail for Great Britain passes through London, and London's General Post Office is the clearing house.

It has its own staff of censors, detectives, cipher solvers, experts in every department connected with letters.

Liners coming to London often carry from 10,000 to 20,000 sacks of mail. The mailbags are often made by convicts in the larger prisons.

But there is one thrilling part of the work of the G.P.O. that is not generally known. I refer to the travelling post office—the fast railway coaches that rush from London every night to the farthest parts of the kingdom.

The letters are sorted as they go north. Special clerks are on this job.

It says much for their ability that only one letter in about 30,000 is mis-directed; and even then it comes back within twenty-four hours to its true destination.

I travelled once in one of these coaches, from which every now and then during the night, as the train roared through stations, a sackful of mail was dumped off into the net that catches the sacks as the train whirls onward. There is no stopping on these trains.

I asked one of the sorters how they knew the exact second to throw the sack into the net. He replied gravely: "We know every sound on the line—every tunnel, every bridge, every crossing. Each one has its own sound."

Bags from local stations, hanging beside the track, are swept up by catchers and hurled into the coaches. The sorters stand clear.

One night, during a gale, a sack was hurled into the coach by the scoop with such force that it broke shelving in the coach.

"Supposing," I asked, "a cow or a sheep was caught up and flung in, what would happen?"

"The sheep or cow wouldn't have a bone in its body that wasn't broken," was the reply. But cows or sheep just can't be scooped up.

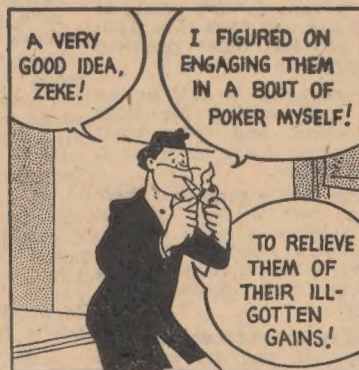
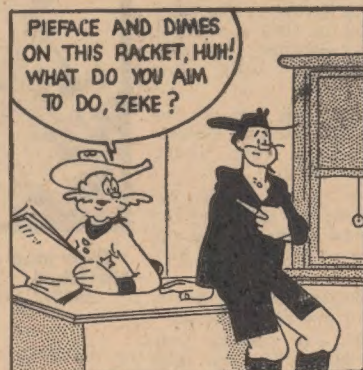
The coaches often carry official items from rulers of foreign countries. These are sorted like the other mail.

There is a record of a queen on a visit to this country who went North, and from her every day there came a franked bag destined for her home city.

There was no mystery about it. The queen was sending home her laundry to be washed at home!

A. RHODES.

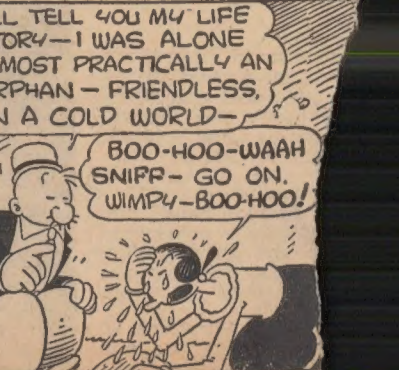
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 615

1. Behead an animal and get an electrified particle.
2. Insert the same letter seven times and make a sentence of: almatianogsigirtout-ofenteustbins.
3. What common word has GINE for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The pilot took over from the — of the river- vesel and navigated the —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 614

1. T-hank.
2. Nice manners do not need learning.
3. SteADFast.
4. Argue, auger.

JANE

BLUNDELL'S IMPROVEMENT

(Continued from Page 2)

John," said Mr. Turnbull, "and a sensible girl would appreciate it. Instead of that, she only sniffed when I told her how careful you always were to wear flannel next to your skin. She said she liked dare-devils."

"I suppose she thinks Daly is a dare-devil," said the offended Mr. Blundell. "And I wish people wouldn't talk about me and my skin. Why can't they mind their own business?"

Mr. Turnbull eyed him indignantly, and then, sitting in a very upright position, slowly filled his pipe, and, declining a proffered match, rose and took one from the mantelpiece.

"I was doing the best I could for you," he said, staring hard at the ingrate. "I was trying to make Venia see what a careful husband you would make. Miss Sippet herself is most particular about such things—and Venia seemed to think some-

thing of it, because she asked me whether you used a warm-ing-pan."

Mr. Blundell got up from his chair, and, without going through the formality of bidding his host good-bye, quitted the room and closed the door violently behind him.

He was red with rage, and he brooded darkly as he made his way home on the folly of carrying on the traditions of a devoted mother without think-ing for himself.

For the next two or three days, to Venia's secret concern, he failed to put in an appearance at the farm—a fact which made flirtation with the ser-geant a somewhat uninterest-ing business. Her sole recom-pense was the dismay of her father, and for his benefit she dwelt upon the advantages of the Army in a manner that would have made the fortune of a recruiting-sergeant.

"She's just crazy after the soldiers," he said to Mr. Blun-dell, whom he was trying to spur on to a desperate effort. "I've been watching her close, and I can see what it is now; she's romantic. You're too slow and ordinary for her. She wants somebody more dazzling. She told Daly only yesterday afternoon that she loved heroes. Told it to him to his face. I sat there and heard her. It's a pity you ain't a hero, John."

"Yes," said Mr. Blundell; "then, if I was, I expect she'd like something else."

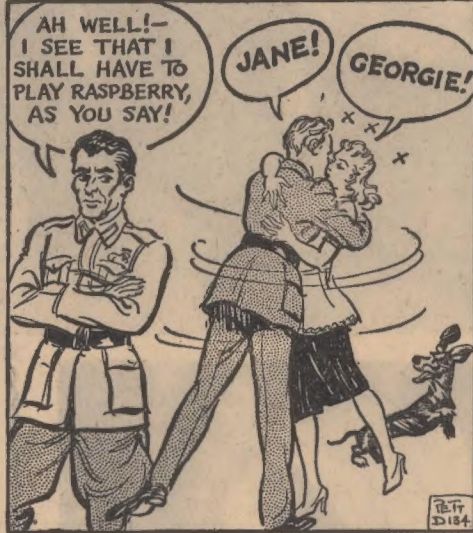
The other shook his head. "If you could only do some-thing daring," he murmured; "half-kill somebody, or save somebody's life, and let her see you do it. Couldn't you dive off the quay and save some-body's life from drowning?"

"Yes, I could," said Blun-dell, "if somebody would only tumble in."

(To be continued)



"... and what's wrong with fish? It's people like you who are eating up all the cows in the country!"



Jack Greenall Says : Ain't Nature Wonderful !

THE WALRUS.
THIS animal fought for us in the last war under the nom-de-plume of "Old Bill." Esquimaux twist his intestines into nets. Hardly cricket, is it? My text-book also points out, that, not content with this man-handling, "these rude and ingenious workmen also turn the walrus's skin and bones to good account." Seems to me these toughs have properly got it in for the poor devil.

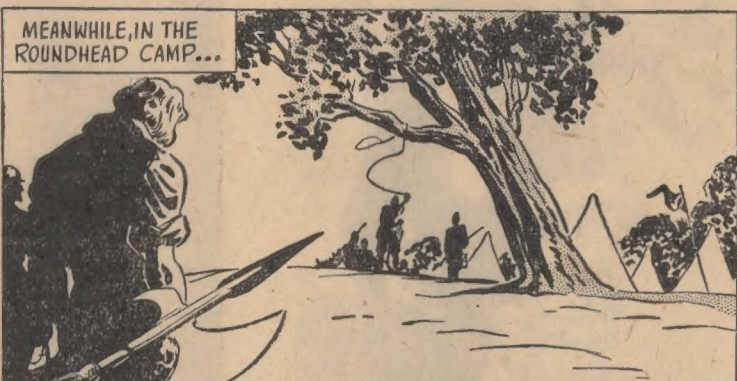
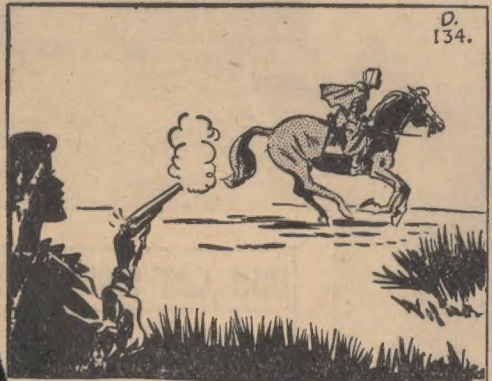
Walruses bellow. Blimey! so should I if my intestines were being twisted into nets. The walrus is clumsy on land—stunned, I should imagine, when he gets to know what's going to happen to his intestines.

This animal, provided he can hang on to his innards, grows to a huge size. If I were a Walrus I'd leg it while the going was good. The very idea—twisting his intestines into nets. What next?

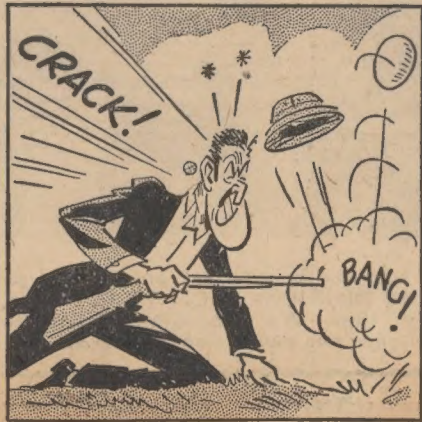
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



CROSS-WORD CORNER

STEM	MEANS
POLITE	DALE
APEX	AVOWAL
REVERSE	AMI
SHED	LAMB
EON	PELISSE
SUBS	N A
STROP	CECIL
HAIL	PAROLE
IGNEOUS	DON
PEGS	DEPART

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10								
12				13	14			
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31				32	33			
34				35				
36						37		

CLUES ACROSS. — 1 Exchange. 5 Diminishes. 10 Skin-wash. 11 Coin. 12 Jot. 13 Senility. 15 Flash. 17 Slacken. 18 Wandered. 20 Klok. 22 Go slow. 23 Corded fabric. 25 Sult. 27 Peer. 29 Called. 31 Assume parity of. 33 Alkali. 34 Colloquial chap. 35 Somerset town. 36 Kitchen utensil. 37 Practice wickets.

CLUES DOWN. — 1 Slender. 2 Alpaca. 3 Dress. 4 Musical instrument. 5 Plus. 6 Behaved. 7 Set of animals. 8 Machine. 9 Let it stand. 14 One of U.S.A. 16 Aptitude. 19 A Scot. 21 Obscure. 23 Get rid of. 24 Treadles. 25 Brag. 26 Stone-worker. 27 Brook. 28 Oxidise. 30 Prepare for print. 32 Watch.

Good Morning



★ HOME IS THE FISHERMAN,
HOME FROM THE SEA ★



"... And please make me a good girl and not tease the cat, and if I really am a good girl, may I have pink pud for dinner to-morrow? And please bring Daddy home to me soon, because I do miss him so."



Why, there must be a shortage of fish among the sea-gulls now! This is the sort of thing you might expect among the housewives in the fish queues — but hardly what you would expect on the cliffs of Devonshire.

IN THOSE DAYS IT WAS ALL GRACE AND POSE, WE SUPPOSE



This picture carries us back to the days when dancing was not something the monkeys do in zoos. "Black bottom" to these gals meant that somebody had sat in the soot, and "Heeby-jeebies" were never referred to in polite society.

★ Their day's work ended, the fishing boats are tied up for the night in the tiny harbour at Mevagissey, Cornwall. ★



★ The girl who is likely to get ants in her pants is long-limbed Ella Raines, one of R.K.O. Radio's most promising fillies. We must make a note to visit her one day in her loose-box. ★

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wouldn't mind the job of stable-cat, meself!"

